

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**  
**THE SEVEN  
CRYSTAL BALLS**



ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS



AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK  
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

BOSTON/TORONTO

# THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

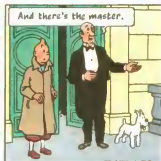
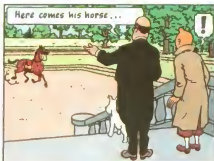


## HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

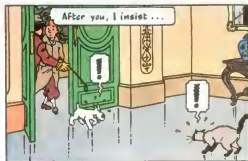
### *Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns*

LIVERPOOL, *Thursday.* The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borla' or royal crown of solid gold. Funerary inscriptions establish beyond doubt that the tomb belonged to the Inca Rascar Capac.













But what on earth did you expect it to be?

Whisky, by thunder!  
... Whisky!

Whisky?... Come now, Captain, you can't be serious. How in the world could water turn itself into whisky?... It's impossible!

Impossible! Impossible!... No, blistering barnacles, it's not impossible. He manages it every time!

Who's he?

Bruno, the master magician! He's appearing at the Hippodrome. I've studied his act for a solid fortnight, trying to discover how he does it...

Yesterday I thought I'd solved it at last. Blistering barnacles, what do I get? Water; water, and still more water! But I'm going back again tonight, and you're coming too! This time I'll get the answer!



You must watch carefully to see exactly what he does...

We've got plenty of time. There are several other turns before he comes on.

First we have Ragdalah the Fakir, with Yamilah, the amazing clairvoyante. Then Ramon Zarate, the knife-thrower. Next...

Shh! Here comes Ragdalah the Fakir. He's incredible too.

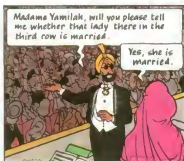


Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in inviting you to participate in a remarkable experiment: an experiment I honour to conduct...

... before his Highness the Maharajah of Hambalapur, and for which he invested me with the Order of the Grand Naja. The secret of the mysterious power at my command was entrusted to me by the famous yogi, Chandra Pathnagar Rabad... And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you one of the most amazing personalities of the twentieth century...

I present: Madame Yamilah!





Look here, if this is a joke it's in very poor taste! ... My husband is perfectly fit ... This is absurd!

It is a deadly sickness... The vengeance of the Sun God is terrible indeed ... His curse is upon him!

EEEEEEK!

!

Ladies and gentlemen, we are interrupting the programme for a moment as we have an urgent message for a member of the audience ... Will Mrs. Clarkson, who is believed to be here tonight, please return home immediately, as her husband has just been taken seriously ill.

No, it's impossible! ... It must be a put-up job!

I don't think so... Clarkson was the name of the photographer who accompanied the Senders - Hardiman expedition.

Ladies and gentlemen, this unfortunate incident has so upset Madame Yamilah that we are going straight on to the next number... It is our pleasure to bring to you the world-famous knife-thrower, Ramon Zarate!

You'll see: he's a remarkable fellow.

Haven't I seen that face somewhere before? ...

Señores and señoras, the performance I make for you is extremely peligroso ... Por favor, I ask if you so kindly keep absoluto silencio...

May I borrow your glasses for a moment, Captain?



Great snakes! It's General Alcazar! ...

General who?

Alcazar... You remember, he used to be President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I wonder what's landed him on the music hall stage.

Now, is muy difícil!

Is more difícil!

Now, is mucho more difícil!

And now, señores and señoras, I perform for you, the first time done in Europe, the knife-throw with the eyes blindfold... For favor, I ask someone come on to the stage to bandage for me the eyes.

There, that's it.

Muchas gracias, señor ...

It almost went wrong three nights ago! The knife landed just on the edge of the target. Half an inch further and that Indian would have been skewered!

¿Esta usted?

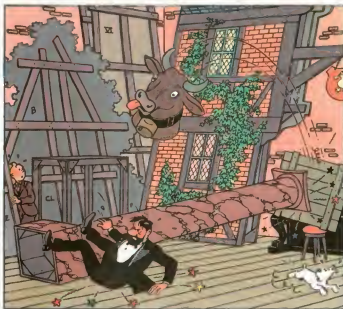
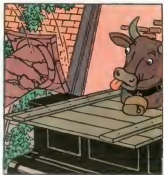
¡Si!

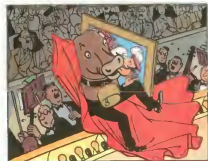
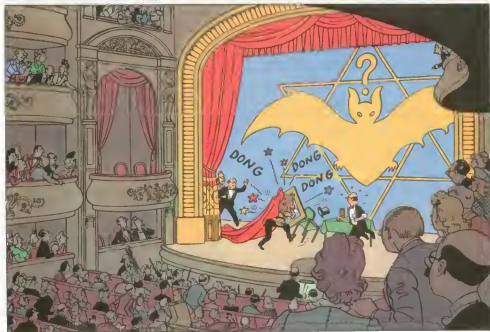


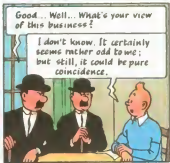
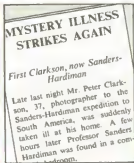












Strictly speaking, it isn't exactly an illness... The two victims were found asleep: one at his desk, the other in his library. According to a preliminary report, the explorers seem to have fallen into some sort of deep coma or hypnotic sleep...



But have a look here...



Well ?... They're little pieces of glass.

Pieces of crystal!... they were found close to the two victims.



Have you thought of having these crystal fragments analysed ?

Yes, I've left some of them at the laboratory at police headquarters. They're working on them now.



There it is : that's all we know so far.

Anyway, it's enough for us to rule out the theory of simple coincidence... What we need now is the result of the police analysis. I wonder...



I'll ring up the laboratory. Perhaps they've got the answer already.

Good.



Hello ?... Headquarters ! ... Put me through to the laboratory, please... Hello, Doctor Simons ?... This is Thomson... No, without a P, as in Venezuela... Yes ... the analysis... Well ?



What ??



Professor Reedbuck !... It's fantastic ! ... Found asleep in his bath... Yes... They discovered the same crystal fragments... Incredible !... I say, how is the analysis getting on ?... Have you... ?



Nothing definite yet... We've established that the glass particles come from little crystal balls... These probably contained the substance...



... which sent the unfortunate victims into a sort of coma... The substance ? We have absolutely no idea... Yes, we're pressing on with our tests... I'll let you know how things are going. Goodbye.



I can't believe it ! Professor Bath-tub, found asleep in the reeds !

Number three !



We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

Why?... You don't think that they... that we... that it...?

Of course! There's no reason why this should stop. Everyone who took part in the expedition is in danger. Let's see... Sanders-Hardiman, Clarkson, Reedback: that's three... Who were the others?... Oh, yes! Mark Falconer. Ring up Mark Falconer.

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?!

It's always the same with the telephone: when ever you need it, it's guaranteed to be out of order!

There's no reply!

I hate to interfere, but if I were you I'd try using that.

Is that Mark Falconer?

Yes, Falconer speaking ...

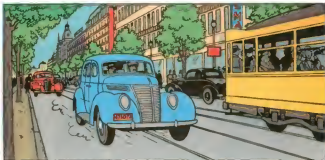
Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reedback too?... And... no... What's that? Crystal fragments?... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

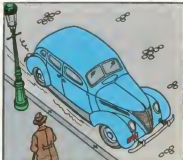
I'll pick up a taxi and be with you right away. Meanwhile, warn Cantonman, Midge and Tarragon. Tell them to stay indoors. And above all to keep away from the windows... Yes, windows... Me? Don't worry. I shall be on my guard... Goodbye for now. I'll be with you soon.

He's coming here. He seemed to know all about it... He said we should warn the other explorers, telling them not to go out, and to keep away from the windows.

Good, I'll warn Professor Cantonman...



Something's happened to Professor Cantonneau!... I'm going straight round there... You stay here and warn the other two explorers at once.



There's a taxi pulling up outside the door.

I expect it's brought Mr Falconer... I'll take it on.



Hurry, Snowy! Hurry!

Here we are, sir: sixty-five pence...



?



!!!



The same crystal fragments!



Your passenger - he's been attacked! Tell me, did you stop anywhere on the way?

No... oh, yes. Once, at a junction, when the lights were against me.



Now I remember! It must have happened then... Another taxi drew up alongside mine, and I heard a faint sound of glass breaking. I didn't think much of it at the time. The lights changed, and we moved off.



I see. Go into the house and up to the first floor, where you'll find two police officers. Tell them your story. I'm off to warn Doctor Midge.

Righto!









The next morning...



Extraordinary!... Quite extraordinary!... Another victim... It's amazing!

No, I think it's a little to the left.



No, I said: another victim. Here in the newspaper... The Director of the Darwin Museum... Doctor Midge.

Not yet, but I'm sure to get there in the end.



Yes. Good. There. Read it yourself... It's simpler that way...



Extraordinary!... Quite extraordinary!... Have you read this?... No!... I'm surprised... The headlines are printed quite large... Never mind: I'll read it to you myself...



"The Mystery of the Crystal Balls, as it is now generally known, continues to hit the front page. Is this the vengeance of a fanatical Indian? Has he sworn to punish those who were bold enough to disturb the tomb of the Inca king, Rascar Capac? All the evidence...



...points that way, and this dramatic theory cannot be discounted. But it poses new questions. Why did the mysterious avenger not kill his victims on the spot? Why, instead, plunge them into a profound sleep?...



RRRING

...a sleep which, says medical opinion, could be prolonged for an indefinite period without imperilling their lives. Readers are already familiar with the details of the...



Good morning, Nestor. Is the Captain at home?

Yes, sir... Come in.

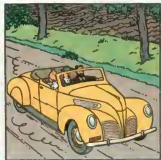
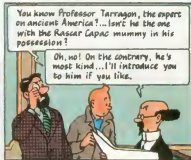
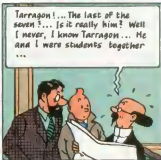
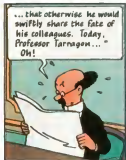


Woah! Woah!



PFEEF!







They're certainly looking after the professor!



Blistering barnacles, it's hot!

Yes, I think there's a storm brewing...

RAT  
TAT  
TAT



Come in!



Here we are, Professor.  
Here are your visitors.



Hello,  
Hercules!

Cuthbert!



Well, well,  
dear old  
Cuthbert!



My dear Hercules, I've brought  
two of my friends to meet you  
...

Welcome, gentlemen,  
welcome!



Let me introduce Captain Haddock,  
retired from the sea...

How d'you do.



And this is my young friend Tintin,  
the famous reporter...

A grip like  
a mangle!

Delighted.



Woah!  
Woah!



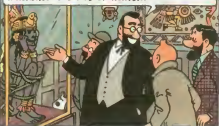
What's the matter,  
Snowy? What's up?

?

HA - HA - HA - HA - HA !



Here's the culprit... Our friend Rascar Capac frightened your dog... Rascar Capac: he-who-unleashes-the-Fire-of-heaven.



BOOM



What about that! We were just talking about Rascar Capac, he-who-unleashes-the-Fire-of-heaven, and I think he's going to oblige: look...



You have an open car, I believe... If I were you, I'd put it under cover right away. These summer storms can be very violent... an absolute downpour...



Thanks. May I put it in the garage?

Did you hear that?... Sounded like a shot outside...

BANG



Over there... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house...



Quick, let's see what's happening...

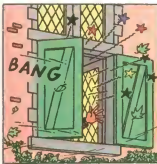


That came from the direction of the gates.



BANG





It's quite simple: you spend the night here... then tomorrow morning you can phone the garage.



Everything all right?... Good, good... At any rate, the false alarm did prove that the house is well guarded.

Yes, it certainly seems to be. But still, we must be very careful.



By the way, Professor, what do you make of this whole business of the crystal balls?

What do I make of it?... Not much... But, as a matter of fact, I've drafted a paper...



... on the occult practices of ancient Peru. It seems to have some bearing, but I doubt if it will solve our problem.



Look at this... it's a translation of part of the inscriptions carved on the walls of Rascar Capac's tomb... You may like to read it.

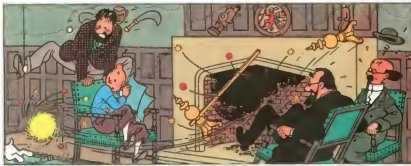


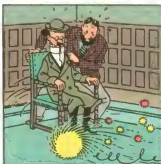
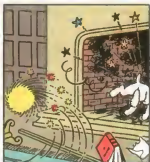
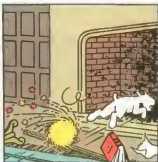
"After many moons will come seven strangers with pale faces; they will profane the sacred dwellings of he who unleashes the fire-of-heaven. These vandals will carry the body of the Inca to their own far country. But the curse of the gods will be as their shadow and pursue them over land and sea..."



But... but... this is quite extraordinary!

Isn't it?... But read the next bit...





Rascar Capac's disappeared! ... Vaporized! ... Vanished into thin air! ... There's nothing left but the jewels!



But Professor Tarragon... what's the matter?



I... it's nothing... Read the rest... the rest of my translation.

"There will come a day when Rascar Capac will bring down upon himself the cleansing fire. In one moment of flame he will return to his true element; on that day will punishment descend upon the desecrators."



Excuse me, Hercules.

The prophecy is fulfilled... Rascar Capac has gone... and I am struck down by his curse... I feel it: ...



Me too!... And it smells very strong: sulphur, isn't it?

Don't give in! The house is well guarded; you knew that. Where do you sleep?



In the next room. There are no windows.

Good. And there are shutters in here... What's more, we are upstairs. To make doubly sure, we'll station two policemen outside these windows... You see, there's absolutely no danger.



You're right... I'm being absurd... Let me show you to your rooms, then I'll bid you good-night.

Some hours later...





Whew! What a relief... It was only a dream... The gale blew the window open!



Still, it was a horrible nightmare!



HELP!... HELP!



That's the Captain's voice!



THUMP



What's happened, Captain?... I thought I heard you shouting.



Yes, I... I had a frightful nightmare!... Rascar Lapac came into my room... He had a huge crystal ball in his hand... he hurled it down on the floor...

Incredible!... The same dream as mine!



OOH OOH



Now what is it?



Look out!... He's there!... He's after me!... He's coming!...







But it's impossible...  
every single exit is  
guarded...



Professor Tarragon!  
Professor Tarragon!



There's nothing we can do...The  
crystal ball has done its work...and  
claimed the last of the seven.



Quick, the window!...The intruder  
must have gone that  
way!



But no... the window and  
the shutter are closed tight  
... it's incredible!



Has anyone gone  
past you?



This absolutely beats  
me... How did the  
fellow make his  
getaway?



Oh! Look over there!  
Rascar Capac's jewels  
have disappeared!



WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



There! That's how it was  
done... the attacker came  
and went by the chimney!



Well, if he went up here, there's  
still time - he can't have got  
clean away...



Well, now we know! He did use the chimney!



The roof! ... Search the roof!



Very good, sir!

Over there! ... Look! ... There's a man running away!



Got him!

He's fallen! Quick, let's see...



He fell somewhere about here ...



Seek, Snowy! Seek him out!



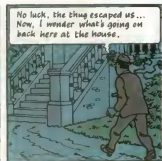
There's nothing I'd like better but...

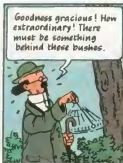
Oh, so that's it! Snowy's nose is still caked with soot... He can't possibly smell anything else!

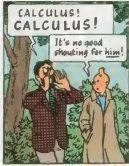
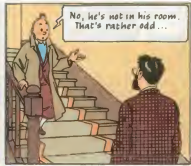
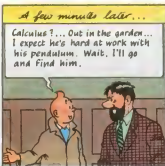


AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!









Captain!... Captain!  
Look up there!



Bloodstains! The im-  
print of a hand!...What  
does that mean? Who  
could have ...



Who? ...The intruder last  
night, I'll bet... No wonder we  
couldn't find him... Wounded,  
and chased like that, he didn't  
know which way to turn... so he  
took refuge in the top of this  
tree...



But... he could still be  
up there...

You're right... I'm going  
to see for my-  
self...



Do be careful... Take my gun  
with you.

Good idea.  
Thanks...



Any luck?



No, I still can't  
see anything ...



I'm all right, Captain  
... only a rotten  
branch breaking...



You're all right, eh?  
What about me?

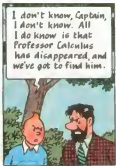
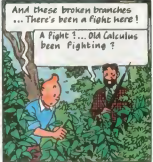


There's no one here  
now. I'm coming down.

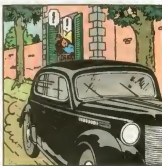
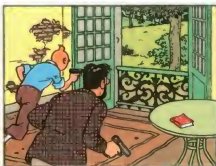


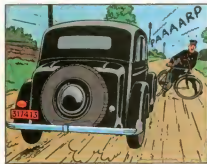
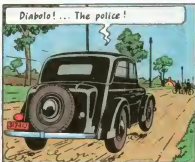
Captain!... Over  
there, to your right,  
look!... More to the  
right... more... There,  
you've got it!











Look, there's a car coming ...



Excuse me, sir, but have you seen a black saloon car on the road?

A black saloon?... I don't think so... I wasn't paying much attention.



Here comes another...



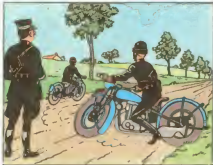
A black Opel saloon?... No... no... I don't recall seeing one...

Carry on, sir.

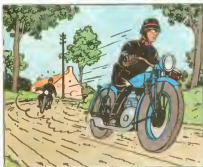
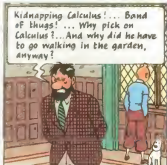


Odd!... Where can they have gone?

We'll soon find out!... We'll make a reconnaissance...



Kidnapping Calculus!... Band of thugs!... Why pick on Calculus?... And why did he have to go walking in the garden, anyway?



Ah! Now we'll know.



What? You haven't seen them?... But it's ages since they went past us!... They almost ran us down!



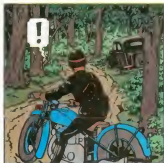
It beats me!... Which way did they go?... Ah, a workman. I'll have a word with him.



A black car?... I don't know if it's the one you're looking for, but a car turned down there about three-quarters of an hour ago... to the right, into the wood.



Good. Thanks.



RRRING  
RRRING



Hello, yes...yes...  
Well?...You've found it? That's splen...  
What?... Empty!



Quick, Captain, we'll hop in the car... We might learn something over there...



Nest of rattlesnakes!...  
Pirates!... Bashi-bazouks!



You found it here? Abandoned, like this?

Yes. But the occupants won't get far. The whole area is cordoned off, and we're beating the wood... The man they've kidnapped - is he a friend of yours?



It's Calculus, you poor loon!... Calculus!... The salt of the earth... with a heart of gold! He's been kidnapped by those devils!... Why! I ask you... Thundering typhoons, d'you know why?

Me?... No.



Well, Sherlock Holmes...  
Have you found anything?

Could be...



I say, officer, you were at one of the road-blocks weren't you? So you should have seen a large fawn-coloured car go by...

A large fawn  
Just let  
think... car?  
me



Good heavens, you're right! A fawn car did pass us... A saloon... I stopped it myself.

You didn't think of taking the number?

No... why should I?... But wait a bit... The driver looked like a foreigner: Spanish, or South American, or something like that... Fattish, sun-tanned, black moustache and sideboards, horn-rimmed glasses...

And the others?... There were some others, I suppose?

Yes, there was someone sitting beside him... Another foreigner, I'd say: dark hair, bony face, hooked nose, thin lips... I think there were two other men in the back, but I only caught a glimpse of them.

Good!... Well, you can call off the beaters... It's a waste of time. The kidnappers are far away.

Oh, yes? How do you know that?

How do I know?... Look at these tracks... Here are the tyre-marks of the Opel. But here are some others, different tyres. Dunlop I'd say: the tyres of the car that was waiting for the Opel.

Blistering barnacles, you're right! But how did you guess that it was fawn-coloured?

Look here...

Specks of fawn paint... The lane is narrow. In turning, one of the wings of the car scraped against this tree, leaving traces of paint.

The crooks! So they switched cars!

Come on, we must pass all this on to the police at once. Perhaps they'll be able to catch them further on...

The next morning...

Let's see... Ah, here...

"The car used by the kidnappers is a large fawn saloon... Good... "The occupants are believed to be of South American origin..." That's right... "Anyone who can give any information is asked to get in touch with the nearest police station immediately."

Oh well, there's still some hope left...

RRRING  
RRRING

Hello, this is Thomson... Yes, without a P... I say, there's something very queer going on at the hospital where the seven explorers are detained... I think you'd better slip round there...

It's really serious?... I can't believe it!... What?... Yes... Of course... Don't worry, I'll go round at once.



Yes, it is most extraordinary. Every day, at the same time, the seven patients go into some sort of trance... It's quite inexplicable... Look, it's almost time for their seizure now... You'll see what I mean...



Some of the leading consultants in this field are in the ward now, waiting for the symptoms to appear.

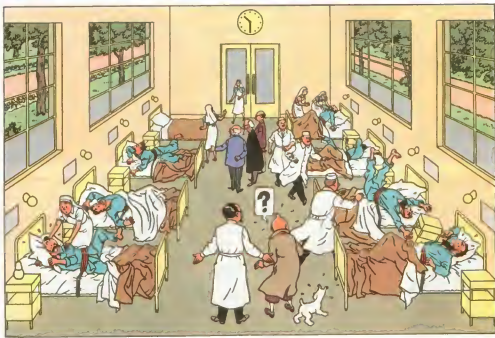


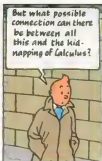
Here are the patients. You'll see...



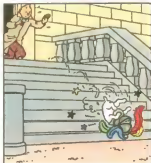
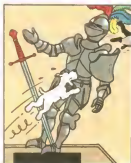
They all look quite peaceful to me.

For the time being. But wait, it'll soon begin... There!









Meanwhile...



Just one more  
tot... the last...



My poor, poor  
friend. What has  
become of you?



Here's to you, Cuthbert old  
chap. We'll find you, I promise  
—dead or alive.



As I've told you before—  
more to the west!



And now perhaps you'll be kind enough  
to behave yourself. Otherwise it's a  
muzzle and lead...understand?



What is it now? Oh, you're thirsty!  
...All right, go on.



Mm-m-m-m!  
This is what I  
call water!



*A few minutes later ...*

And now, Captain, will you please tell me where we're going?

To Westermouth.



The police rang me... The fawn car was seen near there two days ago by a garage-hand. They stopped at a pump for petrol, then left, heading towards the docks. Undoubtedly the kidnapers have boarded a ship with Calculus... And so will we...



... by thunder, and snatch him from the grasp of those iconoclasts, those vampires, those... And just think: Westermouth, docks, jetties, the ocean, the sea-breezes whipping the spray in your face...



As for the spray, Captain, you've got your wish!



Blistering barnacles!... Quick, the hood, or we'll be drenched!



What's up?



Thundering typhoons, it's stuck!... Something's caught up... I'll try to do it from inside the car...



Billions of blistering barnacles!



That's got it!

About time too!





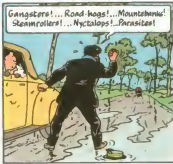
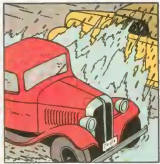
Thundering typhoons!  
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



Oh, well, at least I'm a bit drier now...

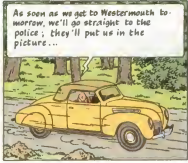


Gangsters! ... Road-hogs! ... Mountebanks!  
Steamrollers! ... Nyctalops! ... Parasites!



Sea-gherkins! ... Pock-marks!  
Cannibals!

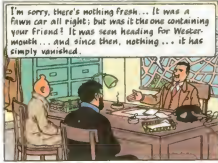
Come on, Captain, hurry up, or  
we'll never get there.



As soon as we get to Westermouth to-  
morrow, we'll go straight to the  
police; they'll put us in the  
picture...



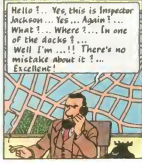
Early next morning...



I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a  
fawn car all right; but was it the one containing  
your friend? It was seen heading for Westermouth... and since then, nothing... it has  
simply vanished.



The search is continuing,  
that's all I can tell you.  
But in my opinion, there's  
very little chance...  
Excuse me...



Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector  
Jackson... Yes... Again!...  
What?... Where?... In one  
of the docks?...  
Well I'm...!! There's no  
mistake about it?...  
Excellent!

Well, gentlemen, you're in luck!  
The fawn car has just been  
recovered from one of the  
docks. If you'd like to come  
with me, we'll go and have  
a look.

Thanks very much!



It was a trawler, coming in. She  
struck an obstacle, so we dragged  
the dock... And there you are.

Is there any means of  
identification? ...  
Number plate? ... Licence?  
... Engine number?



Nothing at all, sir. There are no  
number plates, and the engine and  
chassis numbers have been filed  
off. It's a mass-produced car,  
so there isn't much chance of  
ever finding out...

Yes, I see...



Anyway, we can be certain  
of one thing: whoever kid-  
napped Professor Calculus  
embarked here, having first  
tried to get rid of the  
car by dumping it in the  
dock.

Yes... yes...  
perhaps...



We must act at once: we'll radio  
a description of your friend to  
all the ships that have sailed from  
Westermouth since the twelfth...  
Then we'll see what happens.

Thanks, Inspector - and  
you'll let us know how  
things are going?



All things considered, we're not  
much further on.

I know.



Hello, she's leaving for South  
America... and the kidnappers  
could be aboard... with poor Calculus!



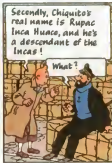
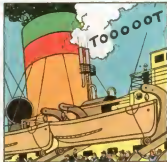
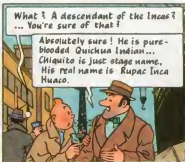
Great snakes!... That  
looks like... Yes,  
it is!



Hey!... Who are you?

Police!







Blistering barnacles, put me down! Put me down at once!



Numbskulls! ... Hi-jackers!

But Cap-  
tain, I ...



Kleptomaniacs! ... Body-snatchers!

Come on, let's  
go, Captain.



We'll go and tell the Inspec-  
tor what General Alcazar  
had to say... about the  
mystery of Chiquito.



There, I've made a note of it all... We'll try  
to track down this Chiquito fellow... It  
could be that he's mixed up in this business  
somewhere... Anyway, I'll let you know how  
things are going.



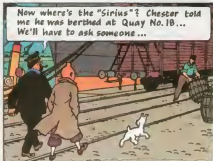
So that's that. Now what  
shall we do, Captain?

I haven't  
a notion.



Wait a minute! I've  
got an idea ...

Well?





Whew, that was a  
near thing!



Hello, Snowy. What have  
you got there?... A hat?



Goodness, it's the  
same one... The  
one the Captain  
kicked.



There... And leave the dirty  
thing alone!



Here, Snowy!  
Come here! And  
put that hat down!



Why can't you do as  
you're told?



We'll put a stop to  
your little games...



Now!... At least you won't  
go in there after it!



Come along, Snowy! ... Here!



Woah!  
Woah!

SPLASH



Oh, so you're trying to make a  
fool of me, are you?



Donkey! What do you  
want me to do with  
the hat? Wear it?



Then I'd look like ...  
Crumbs! ... No, it's  
impossible!



Captain! ... Captain! ... I've got Calculus's hat!



Old Cuthbert's little round hat! ... That's why Snowy insisted on retrieving it... Look at the initials!

C.C.: Cuthbert Calculus! ... But then ...



Calculus wasn't taken aboard at Westermouth. It was here at Bridgeport... But what ship? ... And what was her destination? ... That's what we need to know.

But how can we find out?



I've got it! We must try to find those two lads who played the trick with the hat.

Yes! I'll teach the young pirates a thing or two!



On the contrary, Captain, you'll be very nice to them ... After all, thanks to them we found the hat ... and we want them to tell us how they came by it themselves.

Oh, yes...



Good old Snowy; because of you we've made a wonderful discovery... Now we want you to help us again... We must find those two scamps... you ran after them, remember?



An hour later...



?



Hey, what's bitten you?



Hello there!



Don't worry, we're not looking for trouble. We just want to know where you found this hat!

That hat?... We were down in No.17 shed this morning... where the crates were stacked for loading aboard...



... the "Black Cat"...

When they lifted one of the crates out of the shed, I saw the hat underneath, all flattened out ... Honestly, it wasn't my idea to play that trick ... it was my friend ...



Well, your friend had a jolly good idea ... Didn't he, Captain?



Now, Captain, to the harbour master's office. We'll ask them when the packing-cases came into the warehouse.



The cases?... They arrived on the fourteenth, by rail... This morning they were loaded aboard the "Black Cat."

And the night before they arrived, was a ship berthed opposite shed No.17?



On the thirteenth?... Let's see... Yes, the "Pachacamac" - a Peruvian merchantman. She arrived from Callao on the tenth with a cargo of guano; she sailed again for Callao on the fourteenth with a load of timber.

Fine, I'm most grateful to you.

As I see it, Calculus was kidnapped by Chiquito, a Peruvian Indian; he's aboard the "Pachacamac", a Peruvian ship, bound for a Peruvian port!

But, thundering by phone, we must go after those gangsters at once! We must rescue him!

Agreed! We'll leave for Peru as soon as we can... Tomorrow, or the day after. Now I'm going to ring up the Inspector and tell him what we've discovered.

Good. And I'll telephone Nestor to tell him we're leaving.

Hello... yes, speaking... What? The Professor's hat?... You... Oh!... Yes... Of course... The "Pachacamac" for Callao... It seems a very strong lead... Yes, I'll make the necessary arrangements... What? You're going to Callao? But that's absurd!... As you like... When are you leaving?... Right... Goodbye, and good luck!

The next day...

Excuse me, but that isn't the plane for South America taking off, is it?

Yes, that's her.

Oh dear! Oh dear! What a calamity! What a terrible calamity... The master! My poor, poor master!

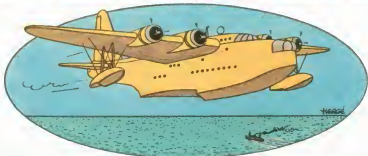
What's up? Anything serious?

It is indeed! The master has left without a single spare monecle!



Now off to Peru!... We shall be in Callao well before the "Pachacamac". We'll get in touch with the police there at once, and as soon as the ship arrives, we'll rescue Calculus.

Yes, that's all very fine, but I wonder if it will be as easy as you think...



What will happen in Peru? You will find out in **PRISONERS OF THE SUN**

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